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ODE.

The True Glory of America.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

The light that time pours round a land,
A sacred light may be,
But leads not to a great command
Like that which crowns the Free!
And holy that unfaded light,
Which lingers with the dead;
But then the beams, how passing light,
That fire the path we tread!
Then tell me not of years of old,
Of ancient heart and clime;
Ours is the land and age of gold,
And ours the hallowed time!

The jewell'd crown and sceptre
Of Greece have pass'd away,
And none of all who wept her
Could bid her splendor stay.
The world has shaken with the tread
Of iron-sandal'd crime—
And fast, o'ershadowing all the dead,
The conqueror stalk'd sublime!
Then ask I not for crown and plume
To nod above my land:
The victor's footsteps point to doom—
Graves open round his hand!

The memory of the monarch Man
We gather now to sing,
Who, when Columbia's years began
Their light on Time to fling,
To Freedom's altar-place came up,
Before his land to bow,
And lift to God her golden cup,
With sacrifice and vow—
Is not that meaner memory
Which lingers with a crown?
'Tis the light that links man with the sky;
The light he lays not down!

Rome! with thy pillar'd palaces
And sculptur'd heroes, all
Snatch'd in their warm triumphant days
To Art's high festival—
Rome! with thy giant sons of power,
Whose pathway was on thrones,
Who built their kingdoms of an hour
On yet unburied bones—
I would not have my land like thee,
So lofty—yet so cold!
Be her's a lowlier majesty,
In yet a nobler mould.

Thy marbles—works of wonder!
In thy victorious days,
Whose whose lips seem'd to sunder
Before th' astonish'd gaze!
When statue glar'd on statue there,
The living on the dead,
And were as silent pilgrim's were
Before some sainted head—
O, not for faultless marbles yet
Would I the light forego,
That beams when other lights have set,
And art herself lies low!

I ask not for the chisel's boast—
A Pantheon's cloud of glory
Bathing in Heaven's noon the host,
Of those who swell her story!
Though these proud works of magic hand,
Fame's rolling trump shall fill,
The best of all those peerless bands
Is pulseless marble still.
And though no classic madness here
With quick transforming eye,
Bid beauty from the block appear
Till love stand doubting by.

I care not—for a brighter wreath
Than round the Parian brows
Of those whose sculpture seem'd to breathe!
Shall wait our holier vows.
And ours a holier hope shall be
Than consecrated bust,
Some loftier means of memory
To snatch us from the dust.
And ours a worthier art than this
Shall fix our image here—
The spirit's mould of loveliness
A nobler Belvidere!

His spirit that in thunder spake
In beautiful command
To battling worlds, like sun shall break,
Unbound'd on every land!
Until the beam of sun and star
Shall die on mount and cloud,
And virtue's pillars sink afar
'Mid the olden wrecks, and proud!
The spirit that this ocean shout
Hails with its holy morn,
Yet sweeps our lumin'd path about—
We bow to WASHINGTON!

Then let them bind with bloomless flowers
The busts and urns of old;
A fairer heritage be ours—
A sacrifice less cold!
Give honor to the *Great* and *Good*,
And wreathe the *living* brow,
Kindling with virtue's mantling blood—
And pay the tribute now!
So when the great and good go down,
Their statues shall arise
To crowd those temples of our own—
Our fadeless memories!
And when the sculptur'd marble falls,
And art goes in to die,
Our forms shall live in holier halls—
The Pantheon of the sky!

From the London World of Fashion.

ISABEL;

OR, LOVE AND PRIDE.

A TALE.

"Dark is my doom and from thee I sever,
Whom I have loved alone;
'Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever
With sorrows like my own;
Go smile on happier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone."

BAYLY.

The Lady Isabel Annesley was woo'd by the second son of Lord Ravensdale, Edward Eglinton, and his attentions had made an impression upon her heart, despite her efforts to prevent it. Her generous and confiding heart was checked in its impulses by an aristocratic pride, which had imperceptibly grown with her growth, as the consciousness of her rank and station became strengthened by the flatteries and encomiums which her surpassing loveliness occasioned. Isabel Annesley was of a most symmetrical form, tall, elegant and majestic; her countenance was of a Spanish character, full of expression and intelligence; her eyes were large and dark, "suppressing half their fire;" and her noble brow was shaded by a profusion of clustering ringlets of silky texture, harmonizing with the dark complexion, and the hue of extreme health visible upon her cheek, whereon the blood seemed starting through a covering of velvet, like the ripeness of the peach. She was not haughty, however: no one could say that the lady Isabel was proud: she was only conscious of her rank and of her surpassing loveliness: flattery had made her ambitious: her desires increased as the honied words of sycophants accumulated; and when the modest Edward Eglinton ventured to express his passion in half-finished sentences, her heart admitted his worth and virtues; but then she reflected that as the wife of Edward Eglinton, whose means were small, her empire would be confined to her husband's home, and the vision of golden felicity which she had encouraged would be dissipated, and her bright imaginings prove mere idle conceits, and might terminate in regret. Captain Eglinton's means were derived from his commission, a small property his aunt had bequeathed, and a trifling allowance from his father. They were sufficient to enable him to live in elegant retirement, but would not support a course of life such as the lady Isabel had been accustomed to.

He had a rival in the affections of his idol, and one whose rank and station rendered him a suitor more congenial to the ambition of the lady. Lord Mountarlington had just succeeded to the title, and the estates appertaining thereto, which were of very great extent and value. He was a suitor, the acceptance of whom would enable the lady Isabel to accomplish all her schemes of grandeur, would elevate her to the position in which she was most desirous of standing, would cause her to become the observed of all observers, her reputation to be spread by all the *devotees* of youth and beauty, and herself to be the centre of a circle of elegance and wit, the envy, and at the same time, the pride of her sex. But then she reflected upon the heart happiness of the wife of Edward Eglinton. The splendors which were proffered by Lord Mountarlington would be merely gratifications of her vanity: she would be the meteor of a moment, a bright particular star of a constellation which some brighter planet might suddenly eclipse. In the affection of Edward Eglinton she knew, she felt convinced that there was a surety for her constant happiness. She was conscious of his deep devotion, of his pure and deathless love; but then it would be to live in a cottage, and that was what the pride of the lady Isabel could not stoop to.

"Lord Mountarlington has been very attentive to you this evening," said Miss Walkingham, upon their return from a ball one night, and lady Isabel had thrown herself upon a couch, perplexed and annoyed by her own thoughts, which alternated between the humble lover and the peer. Miss Walkingham was the companion of lady Mary Tomlinson, the aunt of Isabel, an antiquated maiden who fancied herself still in her juvenile days, or wished other people to think so, and affecting a passionate attachment to poetry, music and other enjoyments of youth, retained this companion, Miss Walkingham, to beguile with her talents and agreeable conversation, the lagging hours. Miss Walkingham was well acquainted with the *science of toadyism;* and possessing some talent, she contrived to gain ascendancy over the mind of the ancient maiden, and promoted her own interests in consequence, as a matter of course. This artful woman was intent upon discovering the state of lady Isabel's affections, and with that object she made the remark as to Lord Mountarington's attention at the ball. She had to repeat her observation, however, before lady Isabel attended to what she said, and then the reply was, "Yes, his lordship *has* been attentive."

"And what do you think of his attention?" asked the confidante, for by the display of much affected kindness to the lady Isabel, the latter never attempted to conceal her thoughts from one whom she was led to consider in the light of a friend."

"I think there can be no doubt of his partiality," said the lady Isabel, blushing at the thought, and embarrassed by the emotions it awakened. This led to a full confession and revealment of her heart. She blushed and sighed and almost cried, as the artful confidante spoke in his lordship's praise to induce her to a full confession. She was aware of the love of Edward Eglinton for lady Isabel, and was inspired to defeat him, and destroy his hopes, by a strong desire of revenge. On their first becoming acquainted, Edward had frequently complimented Miss Walkingham upon her talents; these compliments she had supposed were intimations of a passion she had inspired in his heart for herself, and had encouraged the young hope until she felt assured that Edward Eglinton was attached to her, and when the lady Isabel confided this secret of his overtures to herself, it fell like an icebolt upon her heart. Instead of being influenced by high and honorable feeling, and seeking to promote the object of the one she loved, and to secure his happiness even at the expense of her own, she sought to hinder him from possessing that object, to defeat him, to destroy his hopes, to crush the young heart that never could be hers, and drag the generous and noble-minded Eglinton down to the miserable condition to which the discovery of her own hopelessness had reduced her.

True love delights in sacrifices. Love that exalts the human soul, and makes an Eden of the home which it inhabits, delights in self-denial; to promote the happiness of the one object beloved it will not hesitate to perform any required task, even though it be separation from the loved one for ever. True love can derive pleasure from the contemplation of the happiness of the one beloved, though another shares that happiness: it can assist the beloved in the accomplishment of what would be death to itself; it can lead the bride up to the nuptial altar, and with a smile, give away the coveted hand to a rival in her affections if that rival be preferred by her. Such sacrifices have been made—are daily made. It is no fiction, no poetical dream, no idea of the imagination only, such sacrifices are made every day, and love in its most exalted passion yields itself up a willing sacrifice for the sake of the felicity of the one by whom it was created. Is it no joy to behold pleasure sparkling in the eye of the loved one? Is it no joy to behold her whom the soul adores happy and making happy the one whom she better loves? Is it no joy to see children smiling in happy innocence upon her, and receiving her warm kisses and her tears of maternal felicity, though another calls them father, and removes the tears from her cheeks with kisses? Is it no joy to behold such scenes as this? We envy not the feelings of those; we would not exchange hearts with those who would turn from them with dissatisfaction and discontent, and give to their base, unholy passion the sacred name of love.

To return to lady Isabel and her confidante, who sat together at the witching hour of midnight; the one induced to reveal all her thoughts, all her feelings; the other passionate and revengeful—eager to know that she might assist the rival of the man she herself fancied that she loved.

Words were artfully introduced in praise of Lord Mountarlington, and at length the lady Isabel was brought to acknowledge that she was inclined to prefer him because he was so rich; and had such a beautiful place in the country; and such a good house in town. She wished she knew whether she loved him. She thought she ought to accept him if he proposed; and he had almost—he had said something that evening; then a great effort, and a turn away of the head from Miss Walkingham, and a sigh, and then was forced out, "What do you think Captain Eglinton would say, if he heard that I was going to be married?"

There was the point then! And now the lady Isabel feels much happier. Now the confidante knows what is ailing, and all goes on smoothly. She can work at her difficulties. She can soften down Lord Mountarlington's roughnesses. She can refine the gallant Captain away into a mere military coxcomb—a maker of love to all the pretty girls of a watering-place. A little polish makes Lord Mountarlington perfect; a very little brighter polish shows the Captain a mere puppet—a man of soft speeches, rings, and chains. A still less skilful hand might use a bolder measure, and place in simple truth, and in bright array before the eyes of the wavering fair, on the one side, houses, lands, carriages, jewels, coronet! On the other, one gig, one showy horse, a small house by the roadside, a showy husband, using alone the showy gig, and the one showy horse, with the one showy, half-starved boy of all work—" All for myself, none for my wife at home!"

The conversation of that night decided the fate of Edward Eglinton. It was agreed that it would be extremely unbecoming of the lady Isabel Annesley to unite her fortunes with those of a younger brother, and one too, with no better expectation than Eglinton possessed; and before she retired to rest, Isabel had written a letter dictated by Miss Walkingham to destroy the hopes of the humble lover.

"Dearest Isabel!" said Captain Eglinton, whose request for a parting interview was granted, "believe me I do not blame, but rather commend you for the step which you have taken; for it now appears to me that you are the wise, the generous, the noble girl I ever believed you to be. Now, I feel that our alliance would be imprudent; it would remove you from a circle of which you are the pride, the glory. I was selfish to wish it; but love is always selfish and I may be excused. Believe me, Isabel, I never loved you better than I do at this moment of separation—perhaps for ever. We may never meet again. I shall exchange into a regiment destined for India, and there, contemplating your lovely picture, I shall dream that you are happy. I shall see you surrounded by the elegant, the beautiful, the young. I shall still hear the admiring voices sounding your beauty's praise, though the wide sea divides us; still in my heart and soul shall I be present with you; and, next to the happiness of enjoying your love, I shall prize the enjoyment of your respect. Tell me, tell me, *dearest Isabel*—I ask pardon, I am too ardent—you will forgive me. Tell me, *Lady* Isabel, that you will sometimes think of me, and with feelings of friendship—of respect!"

Captain Eglinton paused: he looked up into Isabel's face, and found that her eyes were suffused with tears. He averted his head, as if he had not noticed her emotion; and when she extended her hand, he caught it within his, and pressed it silently. Thus they remained for a moment, but it was for one moment only; another would have overthrown the false pride of the Lady Isabel, and gained a victory for love; but Captain Eglinton was too honorable a person to owe any preferment to the accident of a moment, and therefore silently pressing the white hand of the beauty to his lips, he retired without one parting word.

That night Lord Mountarlington, the Lady Mary Tomlinson, and Miss Walkingham, were together in the Lady Isabel's boudoir; Lord Mountarlington was a sporting peer, a hero of the turf, a fox hunting, steeple chasing youth, who was about to take a wife more for the sake of fashion and novelty, than from any particular liking he had for the Lady Isabel. He was extremely attentive to her, because she was the reigning beauty, and he was envied by his companions; he knew it would be a feather in his cap if he could win her, consequently he was unceasing in his assiduities, and actually neglected a steeple chase upon one occasion when she wished him to accompany her to the opera.

Lady Mary Tomlinson had a great liking for Lord Mountarlington, because he was a peer, with a sounding title; and therefore she was daily and hourly enforcing his claims upon her distracted niece. Upon the evening in question the family party were seated together, and the conversation, after having been kept up with much animation by Lord Mountarlington and the voluble Miss Walkingham, suddenly flagged. It was in the bright summer time, and the windows were thrown open to admit the evening breeze and the odors from the flower garden beneath the casement. The moonlight streamed into the chamber, and the queen of night, in lonely majesty, held on her course in the Heavens, upon which not a cloud was visible.

"We only want a minstrel," lisped the antiquated Lady Mary, "to make the scene extremely romantic."

Miss Walkingham echoed the observation of her ladyship, and added, that Lady Mary was blest with a most romantic disposition, and a very poetical mind. Lady Mary smiled, and intimated by her looks her concurrence in what the amiable *toady* had said.

Suddenly the strings of a guitar were touched at a distance, and its notes were accompanied by a voice in a very plaintive and expressive tone. The Lady Isabel was startled; she knew the voice; she had often listened to it enraptureudly; she had often hung delightfully upon the words which it expressed with so much grace and tenderness.

The music approached, and the Lady Isabel *felt* to whom these words were addressed.

"And when again in these lovely bowers
Some happier youth you see,
And you cull for him spring's sweetest flowers,
And he sings of love to thee;
And you laugh with him at these vanished hours,
O tell him to love like me.
Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!
One look, though that look be in sorrow;
Fare thee well—fare thee well—fare thee well!
For hence I shall wander to-morrow,
Isabel!"

The voice died away as the minstrel receded; but Isabel, starting from the couch on which she was reclining, rushed to the casement, and in a passionate tone exclaimed,—"Edward! Edward Eglinton!—Stay!—for the love of Isabel!"

But the only sound that reached her ears was that of the wild swooning of the larch trees, which were agitated by a passing breeze, and seemed to have sprung up only to drive back her penitent words before they reached the ears of her lover.

Lord Mountarlington was by no means pleased with this indication of the Lady Isabel's preference of another; and, taking up a book from the table, he endeavored to hide his chagrin behind its leaves. Lady Mary Tomlinson was much offended with the conduct of her niece; but Miss Walkingham, who had a better knowledge of human character than either, spoke gently and soothingly to Isabel, and by the generous kindness of her manner, restored something like composure to the spirits of the unhappy girl, still wavering between love and pride. At length, when she found that the remark might be made with safety, she clasped the hand of Isabel within her own, and with crocodile's tears in her eyes, whispered that Captain Eglinton was quite unworthy of her thoughts; for that he had, while offering his addresses, paid similar attentions elsewhere. The Lady Isabel glanced incredulously upon Miss Walkingham, and inquired "To whom?" The artful confidante, bowing her head and assuming an air of extreme modesty and bashfulness, answered, "To myself!" A girl like Isabel, unacquainted with the craft and subtlety of the world, and having so much reason to confide in the sincerity of Miss Walkingham, could entertain no doubt of the truth of this; and, after a moment's pause for reflection, she called all her moral courage to her aid, and by one bold effort, dispelling the humble lover from her mind, she arose from her seat, and approaching Lord Mountarlington extended her hand, and calmly and firmly said, "My Lord, I humbly, most humbly, apologise for my foolish conduct, which may appear ungrateful to you. I am conscious of having given you offence; but, confident that nothing can possibly occur to lead to a repetition of such conduct, I have no hesitation in asking for your forgiveness."

Lord Mountarlington threw down his book, and clasping Isabel's hand, pressed it warmly to his lips, whilst he poured forth a volume of eulogiums upon the amiability of the beautiful penitent before him.

Isabel continued:—"I have hitherto, my lord, declined giving you an answer to your generous offer to make me the sharer of your fortunes. I can hesitate no longer. If my hand be worthy of acceptance, it is yours!"

Lord Mountarlington broke forth into new raptures; his tongue was eloquent indeed, and during the remainder of the evening he monopolised the conversation; Miss Walkingham looking on with exultation. Now she felt that she had triumphed over Edward Eglinton. But when the peer had left, and Isabel had retired to her chamber for the night, her suppressed feelings had vent, and burning tears rolled down her cheeks. She could not rest upon her pillow. Pride had triumphed over love—but at what a sacrifice!

Morning dawned, and the sun darted its rays into Isabel's chamber, but the lady had not closed her eyes; drawing the curtains closer round her bed, she turned away from the light, and tried again to sleep. Sleep came at last; but her dreams were not calculated to alleviate her mental agonies; she imagined herself the wife of a careless husband, living in splendid misery, whilst Edward Eglinton, the happy husband of a devoted wife, was in the enjoyment of pure and uninterrupted felicity. Then again she dreamed that she herself was the beloved wife of the humble Edward; that her days were passed in that calm serenity which happy lovers only know, and from this dream she awakened to the despairing fact that she had already given her promise to another.

Now did she blame herself for her rashness on the previous night; she knew that she could not be happy with so insensible a being as Lord Mountarlington, and was already half resolved to write to Eglinton, recalling him to her affections, and proffering him her hand and heart. Love struggled long with pride; but the result was, as it always is, in contests between pride and love; the latter beat down pride, and the lady Isabel, with tear-filled eyes, sat down to pen the letter of recall.

An answer came: she kissed the address written by the hand she loved. Great as her sorrow had been, it was now all dispelled, for she had a letter from the one being—the only one in the world she cared for. Impatiently she broke the seal, but to her dismay and horror, she found that the lover in his turn had displayed the pride of manhood, and that she herself was now rejected and abandoned. The note was to the following effect:—

"A letter from Miss Walkingham this morning made me acquainted with the fact, which I see announced in the daily papers; and, in conjunction with another event which has occurred to-day, it has, I confess, much depressed my spirits. You are about to marry Lord Mountarlington. The marriage is announced, otherwise I might have been deceived by the note of Lady Isabel Annersley, whose object I cannot possibly conceive, but I trust it is not one that would make it folly even to *respect* her.

EDWARD EGLINTON."

The letter fell from Isabel's hand, and the terror-stricken beauty, the victim of false pride, gazed for a moment upon vacancy, and then fell shrieking to the ground. Assistance came, and Lady Mary directed that all necessary attention should be paid to her niece, at the same time taking the letter from the ground, and rapidly perusing its contents. Shortly afterward, Isabel was conveyed to her chamber in a lifeless state; the efforts of the domestics to restore her were unavailing; and a messenger was despatched for a family physician; who, obeying the summons, gave directions for the proper remedies that were to be applied, and also that the invalid should be kept quiet.

Lady Mary Tomlinson, as soon as her fears were relieved by the physician, called for Miss Walkingham into her private room, and immediately the artful woman entered, her ladyship exclaimed, "Walkingham! it strikes me that you are deceitful!"

"Lady Mary!" exclaimed Miss Walkingham, suprised by the energy of her ladyship.

Lady Mary continued, "It seems to me that you have been making mischief!" and then looking stedfastly in the confidant's face, continued, "I know it—I see it in your eyes. What business had you, Miss Walkingham, to write to Captain Eglinton, and what right had you to put a notice in the newspaper about the approaching nuptials of my niece, the Lady Isabel Annersly?"

Miss Walkingham was about to reply, but Lady Mary stopped her. "It is of no use," said her ladyship, "to deny it. I know you to be the newspaper reporter. I know whom you sent to the newspaper-office; and more than that, I know how much you paid for the advertisement. Now will you have the goodness to tell me your motive for making this mischief?"

The artful woman, discovering that she was detected, hastily left the room; and Lady Mary giving herself credit for a vast deal of discretion and discernment, stepped into her carriage, which she had previously ordered, and desired the coachman to drive to Captain Eglinton's.

The fact was, that the minstrel's song, the farewell to Isabel, on the previous night had made a deep impression upon the susceptible heart of Lady Mary Tomlinson; she guessed that the voice was Eglinton's, and she acknowledged that the Captain would have made a much more interesting husband for her niece than the dull, insensible peer, if the former had not been poor. She passed a restless night, and in the morning, when she discovered how matters stood between Isabel and Eglinton, she quickly made up her mind how to act.

Within half an hour after Lady Mary Tomlinson's carriage had left her residence, it stopped at her door again. A gentleman first alighted, and after handing Lady Mary out with so much rapidity that the good old maiden was nearly jerked head-foremost upon the pavement, the two entered the house. Lady Isabel was still insensible; but there was a medicine then applied to her cheeks and lips which recalled life to her veins—the kisses of true love! It was Edward Eglinton who pressed his lips upon her white forehead and her pale cheek, who called fondly upon the loved name of "Isabel," and by his passionate endearments awakened her to life and extacy.

The pride of Lady Isabel was subdued. The "other event," which Edward had alluded to in his letter, was the sudden death of his elder brother, whereby he had become heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Ravensdale. Happy was now the lot of the devoted lovers. Lord Mountarlington was discarded, and Miss Walkingham dismissed. The physician was not required to call again, and the good-hearted Lady Mary Tomlinson that night enjoyed a balmy slumber, and very happy dreams.

VICTOR.

From the Pennsylvanian.

HE COMES.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

He comes—
Home's holy spells around his heart are cast,
Their gentle music-breath hath lured him back,
And the soft shadowy pictures of the past,
Start up again before his homeward track;
My Brother comes.

He comes—
The echoes of loved voices hush'd so long,
Have stolen like spirits thro' his midnight dreams,
And tones have whisper'd in their fairy song,
Bringing back moments lit by rainbow gleams;
My Brother comes.

He comes—
But oh! the eyes that shone in joy for him,
As his loved footsteps' echo met the ear,
With their long watching vigils have grown dim,
And beam but sadly at these words of cheer,
My Brother comes.

He comes—
But long, long weary years have fled away,
And time perchance hath sadly changed his face,
Blanched his dark locks with the world's slow decay,
But each loved lineament again we'll trace;
My Brother comes.

He comes—
Speed him! white sails, across the heaving deep;
Change hath not crept into our hearts—those years
Have been but trusty jailors, sent to keep
Closer those tried affections nurst in tears;
My Brother comes.

He comes—
Home's holy spells around his heart are cast,
Their gentle music-breath hath lured him back,
And the soft, shadowy pictures of the past,
Start up again before his homeward track;
My Brother comes.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LINN OF THE CALDRON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

Would that this treason were not, or not I
The detector. SHAKSPEARE.

There is perhaps no quarter of Scotland which more abounds in the lore of national tradition than the beautiful glen which lends a local habitation and a name to the subject of this simple history.—It lies on the outskirts of the largest and loveliest of the northern counties, just where the hills first rise above the fertile valley of the Forth; and where the small but beautiful straths that meander in every possible direction among the scarcely separated bases of the mountain range, will display, here and there, a sunny corn-field or an emerald meadow, which whispers faintly of the rich *carse* beyond. Strathone is one of the fairest valleys on the eastern side of the Grampians, and though smaller than the general extent of flat ground upon the Lowland side, and far less favorably situated for convenience of access or communication, few, if any, of the glens of Perthshire are comparable to it in natural beauty, climate, or situation.

Loch Boyochd (strange! that so fair a thing should bide so rough a title) occupies about three Highland miles of extent, yet from the peculiarity of its bent, winding as it does round the giant promontory of Skian Var, there is but one-half of the water visible from the entrance of Strathone. The jutting mountains, indeed, close so completely in appearance over its lower half, that the traveller will scarcely guess there is a wider and larger portion of the vale yet unrevealed, and so lets his eye rest lovingly on the little cluster of cottars' houses, which seem the only occupants of the strath. But, in arriving at this conclusion, he will much deceive himself. Beauties as rare, glories not less magnificent than any which have yet delighted him, lie on the farther side of that skreen; and on some other occasion, though not now, due notice may be taken of them.

We have alluded to Skian Var. It is a noble crag, which lifts its huge head far into the sky, and stretches its giant arm so boldly across the lake, that beneath its shelter the breezes rarely come, and the waters lie, for the most part, in waveless sullenness. Yet is there a portion of these same waters even more striking than the rest—so striking, that though he may be ignorant of the tales that attach to it, we defy the stranger to pass it by unnoticed. It is the pool with which our present tradition is connected—the Linn of the Caldron, as it is called; of which, by attending to the following marks, the curious may take cognisance:—Nearly opposite to Skian Var, where the uneven and precipitous banks of the loch approximate, there is a small bay, or hollow, in the shore, into which the waters seem to withdraw that they may avoid the rapid current of the narrow passage. In the centre of that bay is the Linn of the Caldron. It is a round pool, dark, deep, and entirely motionless; the pale, pure, spiritual flowers of the water-lily, which thrive every where upon, and stud the margin of, Loch Boyochd, grow in singular beauty on the edges of that linn, and throw a fair and melancholy radiance over the nook in which it shelters; but on the bosom of the pool itself not a leaf or flower was ever known to float. The circular basin of black still water, seems, in reality, spell-bound; for not one of the weeds which cover the entire surface of the waters near, ever makes its way within that enchanted circle.

According to the legend of the Linn, the goblin of the loch, once a mortal man, sold his being to the Evil One for a pot of broad gold pieces, which lost their value in his eyes as soon as the change came over his human nature. Jealous of the happiness of the simple cottars of Strathone, the spirit resolved within his bitter heart that the base-born avarice that took his own soul captive should be from generation to generation a snare to those who were once his fellows. He sank the caldron of gold in a black pool of Loch Boyochd, crossed two naked swords upon its mouth, and spread abroad the fame of his unholy deposit among the denizens of the glen. The accompanying prophecy was this:—If the treasure should be discovered by numbers, its wealth would turn to fairy gold; if by one alone, each sword would do its work of doom, yet the discoverer would die in wealth and honor. The date of the prophecy is long worn out, but its authenticity is a matter undisputed by the most enlightened among the natives of Strathone, and seeing that a thousand strange tales depend upon it, which, if they serve no other purpose, at least bear testimony to the romantic and imaginative character of the people, I am tempted to give as an illustration of the legend itself, one somewhat more probable in its details than the rest. Here it is:—

Half way between the extremities of Loch Boyochd, just where the headland of Skian Var almost cleaves the lake in two, stand the ruins of an old house, called by the natives in their rude dialect Imer Veolan, or the "Mill Ledge." The name is not inappropriate to the object of it; for there dashes down the hills just at that point a torrent, near the mouth of which may still be seen the relics of some primitive production of art. Indeed the whole of the little area is a beautiful dove's nest, which clings to the only nook of ground in that quarter which could afford footing for a domicile as lowly even as the Mill Ledge. A tall group of black pines shelters it from behind, a swelling brae slopes down to the margin of the loch in front, while the hills rising bold and sheer on every side, render it the central point in an arena of surpassing beauty. The last occupant of that picturesque domicile, of which nothing now remains but "brecken green and cold grey stone," was Donald Bane, the stout miller of the strath, a wight possessed of all the requisites and perquisites of his vocation, including the only child, that "miller's maid," which seems the prerogative of the craft. A sweet young thing was the miller's daughter, motherless and brotherless, and almost friendless; for though few in the lonely glen but would have nourished and cherished the gentle Annie as their own, yet there was about the pensive maiden of Imer Veolan a sort of fearful timidity—a silent, shrinking, retiring temperament, that cut off every avenue of familiar intercourse with the ruder spirits of the valley, and rendered her, with her small slight figure, pale cheeks, and starry eyes, an object rather of compassionate and somewhat reverential interest, than of intimate companionship.

Annie was yet in her very girlhood when the arrival at his paternal mansion of Colonel Munro, of Glenore, the lord of the manor, and chief of the clan, threatened seriously to influence her hitherto untroubled fate. Colonel Munro had spent his early manhood in the wars of other lands; and having carried thence a constitution shattered by the chances of his profession, had come but for a passing visit to the home of his fathers, previous to his departure to a climate more congenial to his debilitated frame. Among the numerous train of strange and foreign attendants who accompanied him on that occasion, there was a soldier named Hugh, a native of the glen, who had followed him through many of the scenes of his warfare, and established a strong interest with his master by some important service rendered him in distant parts. The colonel was desirous of settling Hugh in comfort and independence, and offered him, as the reward of all his wanderings, a farm in Strathone, which, with a pension, the reward of a trifling wound, rendered him a little prince in that lowly community. The natural consequence of a man's settling in life seems pretty generally, in all situations, to be, that he shall look out for a wife; accordingly, even before Hugh's master had left Glenore, or Hugh himself had been discharged from his old duties about his person, the latter cast his eyes about among the fair-haired maidens of the glen, and established his claim to a refined taste and an enlightened judgment by passing by every other, that he might fix his heart, and lay his new possessions at the feet of the gentle Annie.—Donald Bane, simple and primitive as were his notions, knew too much of the value of this world's gear to overlook the pretensions of such a suitor, and Hugh found his hopes most unequivocally sanctioned, and his claims allowed by the stout miller of Imer Veolan. Donald Bane saw his darling Annie already a lady in the land, and all the daintiness of her breeding confirmed and justified by the fate in prospect for her; so that Hugh grew in favor from day to day, and the mountain path that led of old from the mansion-house of Glenore to the mill of Imer Veolan was once more cleared of impediments. All this while Annie was left entirely out of the consultations that from time to time occurred between the miller and his new friend: no questions were put as to the probability of her heart falling in with her father's choice; and, in one point of view, this was a judicious proceeding, for Hugh was no favorite with the maiden of the mill; on the contrary, her feelings toward him fell very little short of aversion; and as this is a fact which requires to be accounted for, it is necessary that we should look a little further than we have hitherto done into the conditions of society as it existed in Strathone. Among the cottagers of the glen, very few would have deemed the miller's daughter, even with the dower which Donald might probably bequeath to her, a desirable or thrifty wife; but the Man of the Moon, whose province it is to link people's hearts together by invisible threads of gossamer, had flung an irresistible mesh around one which followed its destiny unresisting to the presence of the solitary maiden; and Eichen Dhu, the boldest, and handsomest, and poorest, and merriest of the youths of Strathone, the best runner, and wrestler, and rower, and climber far or near, became her willing captive. The bashful girl was too young and timid to have given Eichen much ground for hope in his warm affection, but it subsisted on very little. The acceptance, on her part, of a bunch of sweet violets, or a bonnet full of hazel-nuts, was quite enough to satisfy him; and after the day that she met him in the glen, and besought him of her own accord, with tears and blushes, to climb a neighboring crag in search of a pet lamb that had strayed, Eichen felt as if he never should despair again.

Hugh's arrival and subsequent pretensions were a cruel blow to poor Eichen. The feebleness of his own claims stared him in the face immediately, for what were a stout arm and a faithful heart when balanced against money and lands like Hugh's?—The answer was not far to seek, and, accordingly, Eichen began to hate his rival with all the fervor and fidelity of the Gael. Our mountaineer, however, flattered himself that he had a better reason for his dislike of Hugh than the obvious one of Hugh's better fortune. He argued himself into believing that Hugh was cold, griping, and avaricious; and in a late transaction, by which he had trebled his favor with his master through his activity in investigating the circumstances of a robbery by which Colonel Munro had lost a casket of valuable jewels, Eichen persuaded himself that the worst passions had been displayed; for though the box was never discovered, Hugh had tracked the thief and secured him with a cool satisfaction that revolted the free-born and untutored soul of the Highlander. At all events, Eichen was at no loss to account for his dislike of the man, and, as is very generally the case on such occasions, the sentiment was returned with interest.

One evening in the end of harvest, Eichen Dhu took his melancholy way down the margin of Loch Boyochd at that witching season when the griefs of the sorrowful hang heaviest and the joy of the happy is most intense, the soft dim starlight vesper hour before the moon has yet come forth to chase away all minor influences with her own cold majesty. Eichen was sadder even than his wont, and there was a something desperate in his heart which made it rise proudly and bitterly against the world and its meanness. He had wandered up toward the mill, as he often did at milking-time, in hopes of a kind good even, or at all events a passing nod, from his bashful mistress as she followed the cows which the herd-boy was driving before him, but she had passed at a little distance without remarking him, and a few minutes after Hugh jumped over the stile, and he and Annie entered the house together.

Eichen walked homeward angry and disappointed. The hot, bitter pang of jealousy was at his heart, and it swelled in his bosom with a rebellious recklessness that made him feel as if he could have dared the world. Half an hour with Hugh, hand to hand upon the green-sward, would have settled the turmoil in his breast, but that fair trial was denied him, and in its stead he felt his very being absorbed in the overflowing anxiety to circumvent his rival by other means. Eichen weighed the chances of his unhappy suit with as much and more of reason and judgment than people in his humor often display, and the result was any thing but satisfactory. Annie had given him nothing like direct encouragement, yet his own heart whispered hope of her approval on grounds too subtle to be analysed—his brave and tender constancy—his handsome person—his very misfortunes, or most of all, perhaps, the strange fatalism of human sympathy would not suffer him to believe that Annie could really prefer to him a man so stern and war-worn and ungenial as her wealthier suitor; but with this conviction came the proud contemptuous consciousness that gold would buy her troth, or parental authority compel it. His fiery spirit writhed and chafed at the conclusion; he opened his broad chest and stretched his stout arm, and felt that if wealth could be won by honorable exertion, it might yet be his; but to seek it, he must leave Annie the uncontested prize of his rival, and the thought was not to be endured. Oh! why could not some kind spirit bestow upon him a portion of this filthy lucre, if but for a time; and Annie once his, and settled in a home that might set Hugh's vaunted farm-house at defiance, Eichen felt that the very pith and substance of his frame should be expended to repay it.

The shadows had fallen and deepened, and a cloud was on the moon; and as Eichen Dhu pursued his painful reverie, he stumbled slightly over the long heather in his path, and found, on looking round him, that he had wandered from the pathway, and got among the cliffs exactly overhanging the Linn of the Caldron. At the moment in which he discovered his mistake, the fair moon shone out bright and clear upon the Loch, and revealed the black pool of the goblin's treasure, lying still, and dark, and waveless at his feet. A cold shiver shook the young man's well-strung nerves as he observed this; and with the ready superstition of his country, he felt that the spell of the water spirit was upon him. He had been guided directly to the spot, evil and unholy as it was, where his petulant yearning might be satisfied. His first impulse was to fly, but the clear white moonlight was so re-assuring that he lingered on the crag in reverential dependence on the shelter of its beams. In a few minutes came the first whisper of the tempter.—Why should he cast aside the good so thrown upon him? Who could tell that, if the pot of gold were really there, the Kelpie meant evil to him who found it! Did not the prophecy imply that no dishonor could cling to the individual so favored! And was not the present opportunity a direct intervention of the spirit in his behalf? Then the vision of the naked swords passed across him.—Well! but how could even swords work doom unwielded? and what arm was there to put them to the proof save his, whose first effort would be to cast them back again to their unholy resting-place. Eichen's conscience pulled one way, and his inclination another, with the usual alternation of success in like cases, till his moral vision became obscured, and he fairly began to doubt if it were not treason to his love that he should shun a risk so slender.—One bright golden vision of the consequence of his success turned the scale, and in a few minutes he had stripped and taken his leap from the edge of the rock.

The cliff was a high one, even for so experienced a head; and Eichen had forgotten that the depth of the Linn had never yet been fathomed. Down, down he went with a velocity and perseverance that seemed as if it were taking him to the very bowels of the earth; and so completely had the length of the dive deprived him of his presence of mind, that on emerging again he was incapable of deciding whether the heavy substance which he grasped between his hands had been lifted from the bed of the Linn itself, or dragged from some of the ledges of rock that reposed under the surface of the water, and over which he had scrambled as he rose again to the air. His breath came fresh and heartily, and with a sensation of devout gratitude for his escape from the horrors of the enchanted pool; and it was not till after many an ejaculation of satisfaction and thanksgiving, that he turned to examine the mysterious fruits of his expedition to the domain of the water Kelpie.

A caldron it assuredly was not; and it needed no clearer light than the cloudless moon afforded, to discover to our adventurer a vessel of infinitely less romantic pretensions in the form of a small strong box, well secured by hasps of iron and bolts of oak. The hasps, which were evidently intended to be secured by padlocks, had lost their fastenings, which were supplied by two skean-dhus—the small dagger of the Highlander—which had been thrust through the iron loops, and kept the casket perfectly water-tight. With a little difficulty, because the rust which their immersion had produced, Eichen pulled out the knives and opened the lid of the little chest, his heart throbbing and bounding with the expectation of identifying the treasure of the Kelpie. Folds of strong linen covered the mouth of the casket; and hastily removing these, he saw the pale and quiet moon-beams glisten softly over a brilliant mass—not of coins or bars of gold—but of jewelled rings, stars, buckles, and sword-hilts, and articles of modern finery, of which poor Eichen could not so much as surmise the use. He stood for a few minutes in a trance of stupid bewilderment, as if at a loss to account for the caprice of the water spirit in so misnaming the nature of his treasure; and then the mists of superstition and surprise passed slowly from the intelligent mind of the young Gael, and the conviction flashed across him that he had discovered the jewel box of Colonel Munro, the plunderer of which it had cost himself and Hugh such pains to trace.—The discovery was scarcely a disappointment. He was grateful for the removal of the guilt he had fancied himself to have incurred in the appropriation of the Kelpie's caldron; and a certain hope of reward for his good fortune came gleaming over him on the restoration of the jewels to their proper owner. After a few minutes' inspection of the glittering heap, Eichen reclosed the lid of the strong box, and turned to look for the skean-dhus which had fastened it. On lifting these from the grass, the moonlight shone full upon them both; and in the size, material, and peculiar mounting of the one nearest to him, he had not a moment's difficulty in recognising that which had constantly been used by Colonel Munro's confidential servant—even Hugh himself.

Eichen sprang to his feet with a deep exclamation, something between surprise and the confirmation of a previous suspicion; and then stooped hastily for the other little weapon which he had dropped, and examined it long and earnestly by the moonlight. Eichen's blood ran cold within his veins as he identified the stout buck's horn handle and well-worn blade of the familiar weapon of the stout miller of Imer Veolan.

There was no room for a doubt of its identity; for on one side the haft Eichen recognised the impression of a wheel, which his own eyes had seen Donald Bane scratch, by way of crest, upon the horn. The suspicion that the miller participated in the guilt which Eichen scrupled not in laying upon Hugh, did not find one moment's rest in his mind; but the appearance of the skean-dhu in a place so likely to implicate its owner beyond all reach of counterproof, filled him with apprehension, and already Eichen began to experience the evil consequence of little Kelpie's triumph. His first impulse was to return the heavy box and glittering treasure once more into the deep Linn, and leave the future discovery of the real culprit to some other chance or destiny; but a vague sense of justice to Colonel Munro and an indefinable apprehension of mixing himself up with the perpetrators of so base a deed restrained him; and after long and painful reflection on the best means of proceeding, Eichen folded the unlucky chest in his plaid, hid it carefully under the hanging ferns that festooned the face of the crag, and took his way in deep and sorrowful meditation to his home.

So great and terrible a secret had never before burthened the conscience of the simple Highlander, and he tossed all night upon his sleepless pillow without being able to substitute one lighter image for the new and frightful vision that hung upon his brain. He assimilated again and again the goblin's prophecy, and the strange reading of it which his imagination conjured out of the circumstances of the night; the small skean-dhus personified the naked swords in his mind's eye, and he felt as if it were beyond a question that the doom of Annie's father and lover was to finish the parallel and be wrought by their agency. His heart grew cold as it pondered his own instrumentality in the affair, for though the prediction embraced his own ultimate good fortune, yet Eichen's nature revolted, with all the energy of his generous youth, from the means by which the triumph would be gained; and so deeply did the matter affect his happiness, that the early dawn saw him once more on his way to the Kelpie's crag.

The morning was yet in its first blush of autumn beauty—the air was soft and dewy—the water slumbered under the gentle shadow of the cloudy hills, and the mist wreath twined and curled like a veil of gossamer round the rugged forehead of Skian Var. As he sprang over the face of the rock and let himself down upon the cliff where he had deposited the treasure, the flutter of a female garment caught Eichen's eye, and the next moment revealed to him the figure of Annie, with the glittering contents of the jewel-box spread out upon her lap. She smiled and blushed as he approached, and as the gloomy and anxious expression of his countenance became apparent, she said in a pleasant tone, and with the graceful and poetic idiom of the uncouth Gaelic, "I knew the plaid of Eichen, and the pretty things are all safe. Did Eichen get them from the Sassenach!"

The young man stood astounded at the untoward discovery; and for a few moments his look of perplexity might have seemed one of displeasure. Annie had so interpreted it, for she rose slowly and began to replace the jewels in their order, and did not repeat her salutation. "Annie," said Eichen at last, with a smile, at the same time, shutting down the lid, and flinging his plaid over it again,—"Annie, guess ye where I took that box from! I got it in the Kelpie's Linn last night."—The girl uttered an exclamation of horror, and drew back pale and shuddering from the unclean thing, as if its very presence might contaminate her, and then turned appealingly to her companion, as if to learn the cause of its appearance in his keeping.

Eichen felt that the maiden knew already too much to render it safe that she should know no more. He accordingly seated himself beside her on the grass, and by reminding her of the late transaction in reference to the Colonel's jewels endeavored to make her understand that they were one and the same with the toys she had been admiring. He found it almost impossible, however, to make her comprehend the suspicion which rested on his own mind. All insinuations of the guilt of Hugh were thrown away upon her; and it was not till her informant had explained in broad terms the evidence of his delinquency, and the accident through which suspicion might rest upon her father, that she sprang to her feet with a shriek of horror,—her small hands clenched, and her eyes on fire with indignation and surprise. "The black villain!" exclaimed Annie passionately; "Donald Bane would as soon steal the moon from heaven as one of those glittering stones from his master's house. It is to screen his own foul deed that he has stolen my father's skean. I knew he was a villain; the spirit within me rose against him.—And is it of *him* they would make a farmer in Glenore! Is it to *him* that my father opens his heart and his home!—*he* that will make me turn my back on Eichen Dhu!" and seeming to have forgotten his presence in her violent excitement, after another burst of passionate indignation, she turned flushed and panting with some unspoken purpose to descend the cliff.

Eichen sprang before her, and wiled her back with words of reasoning and entreaty. He trembled for the consequence of her precipitation, and exerted his utmost efforts of persuasion to soothe her natural anger, and engraft prudence and discretion on its youthful violence. It was long before Annie could be induced to defer her appeal to her father till it might be made with most effect.—She would have sought him out on the instant, in the face of the whole community—would have brought him to the spot where lay the evidence of his favorite's treason, and bidden him proclaim himself an honest man, and his secret enemy a thief and a villain. But Eichen prevailed at last, and she promised that her father should hear her strange news in private—that the name of the discoverer should be suppressed—and that beneath the pine shadow of St. Anne's, Eichen should meet her in the gloaming to hear the miller's opinion of the discovery, and the course he intended to pursue with regard to it. It was the best arrangement which Annie's unexpected admission into the fatal secret would permit; and the young people parted with an additional tie to each other, and a sort of tacit understanding that Hugh's place at Imer Veolan might not long be vacant.

Eichen proceeded slowly and thoughtfully about his morning's occupations; and if the labor of the youthful mountaineer had been often as imperfectly performed, the reputation of his superiority would have stood but on feeble ground. His very consciousness seem absorbed by the anticipation of his meeting with Annie, and the possible results of her interview with her father; and he turned up his face again and again to the lazy sun, with the most impatient glance he had ever cast upon its onward progress. At last the red orb of the lingering autumn leant his fiery disk upon Skian Var—the still wave lay crimsoned by his glance—and before the glowing clouds of the west had lost one tittle of their transitory glory, Eichen took his way to the trysting place of St. Anne's, and cast his keen and earnest glance along the winding pathway that led to the mill of Imer Veolan. The eve was wearing on, and Eichen would have thankfully exchanged a portion of his scanty hopes for the certainty that she would come at all; night was at hand—the stars grew clearer and more intense in the deep blue heavens, and the dim twilight darkened into approaching night—the last note of the black-bird had died away, and even the melancholy booming of the cushat came at intervals of more lengthened distance. By and by the dull ominous hooting of the owl and the startling croak of the raven were all the symptoms of companionship left to Eichen and his heart grew heavy with the breathless solitude and the dim vague influence of superstition. He would not leave the spot, however, while it was possible for Annie still to reach it, and he walked up and down within the shade of the fir trees longing for even a moonbeam to scare the thick darkness; but the moon was hidden by a bank of heavy clouds that curtained the eastern sky, and the free and shadeless azure was occupied alone by the inferior light of the twinkling stars.—At last the conviction forced itself upon him that she would not come. Annie was too timid to venture even thus far from home by the starlight only, and slowly and sadly he turned his face toward the path that led to his home in the hamlet.

Some invisible influence was upon him, for he could not seek his pillow without once more assuring himself of the safety of the fatal casket upon which curious eyes might fall with an effect so deadly. He left the homeward path, and sauntered on to the Kelpie's crag—that fated spot, to which, in a moment of madness, he had linked himself by a tie so hateful. As Eichen gazed upon the fated spot, something white and fluttering was distinguishable in the darkness; he fancied it might be an eagle lured by the white fleeces of the valley, and was about to scare him by a whooping cry, when the motion of the object, which appeared to steal along the surface of the ground, convinced him that he was mistaken, and that the apparition was no bird but the likeness at least of a human being.

Eichen Dhu stepped short, and his breath came fast and fitfully, as the image of the water-spirit come to redeem his treasure flitted dimly across his brain; but the recollection that his was not after all the doomed caldron, caused him to smile at so groundless an apprehension, and the suspicion that this might be some more substantial visitant whom he should find it of importance to intercept, induced him to quicken his pace in the direction of the crag itself. A few moments longer, however, and he stopped involuntarily to watch the singular motions of the solitary wanderer. The figure had quite surmounted the cliff, and stood perfectly defined even in the darkness upon its bare summit,—a small light form, which its white garment and floating curls told the trembling heart of Eichen could belong to none but Annie of Imer Veolan.—He almost ceased to breathe in his anxiety to discover what had drawn her to a situation so extraordinary. There she stood peering over into the waters below, and every now and then stooping in a vain attempt to raise some object which seemed too weighty for her strength to move. At last the load was lifted in the arms of the delicate maiden, and the eyes that watched her knew it to be the chest of the Kelpie's pool. She quivered for a second on the edge of the precipice as if endeavoring to give her load an impetus. Eichen's heart ceased its motion—the impetus was indeed given, but it was also shared, for the heavy weight carried the feeble heaver along with it—she vibrated one instant on the extremest ledge—there was a sharp noisy plash in the centre of the Kelpie's Linn, and then the thick black waters gurgled over till they slept again never more to be disturbed by the re-appearance of their prey.

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Donald Bane's guilt was never proved, nor did the suspicion of it ever extend beyond the depths of Eichen Dhu's own bosom; though, when the first keen pangs of his bereavement passed away, he found in the impression of its truth all the explanation of Annie's unfortunate fate which was awarded him. The old man died shortly after of grief for his daughter's untimely and mysterious end; and the mill of Imer Veolan is now a home for the owl and the bittern. Hugh was in process of time dismissed the services of Colonel Munro, and made some disgraceful end in the Low Countries. It is affirmed, by such as wish for confirmation to the Kelpie's prophecy, that Eichen turned soldier, and died a gentleman in foreign lands; but the only part of the catastrophe of which there seems but one edition is, that the jewel-box of Colonel Munro still rests in the depths of Loch Boyochd to swell the unholy treasure of the Linn of the Caldron.

Tyranny and slavery do not so properly consist in the stripes that are given, as in the power of giving them at pleasure, and the necessity of receiving them whenever and for whatever they are inflicted.

From a Baltimore Monument.

STANZAS.

BY MISS E. H. STOCKTON.

Oh why should the feelings of friendship be chill'd,
By words without meaning—but uttered in jest?
One such 'mid a thousand by tenderness thrill'd,
Should surely be lost in the sound of the rest.

'Tis not when the sky has been cloudless for weeks,
That beauty shines brightest in forests and bowers,
But oh, what a charm he discovers who seeks,
When the rainbow is bent o'er the scent-breathing flowers!

Then, flying with joy from the shade of the tree,
How carols the bird thro' the sunshiny air;
And his strain seems the sweeter and wilder with glee,
That its notes have been hushed while the storm-cloud was there.

Then why shall not friends, like the bird and the flower,
Forget that a cloud ever darkened their skies?
For wherefore turn back to the shade of an hour,
When days of enjoyment might gladden their eyes!

Philadelphia, April 13, 1839.

The Insurance Company.

TO PROMOTE MARRIAGE.

A rich capitalist of Paris, whom I shall name M. Lebrun, was famed for his enterprising and speculative disposition. Not a new project was set on foot but he was applied to for his patronage and protection, and in general whatever he engaged in was crowned with success. Not long since he was one morning seated in his study at his country house, when a cabriolet drove up to the door; from it descended a young man of fashionable appearance and fine open countenance, not unknown to the frequenters of Tortoni's. He demanded to speak with the master of the house, and was introduced at once to M. Lebrun. His host was in slippers and robe de chambre, for he loved to live as indolent as he could when not immersed in the whirlpool of business at Paris.

"You will excuse me, Monsieur," said the young man, taking possession of an arm chair, "you will excuse me for troubling your retirement by speaking to you of matters of speculation; but the affair in question is of grave importance and pressing nature; it may have consequences so morally useful to society, and so exorbitantly lucrative, for its projectors, that I feel convinced of your forgiveness for speaking to you respecting it."

"Speak on, Monsieur; I am all attention," said the capitalist, crossing his legs and drawing his dressing gown closely about him.

"Who could ever have supposed," said the stranger, with great solemnity, "that in quitting an age of doubt and incertitude like the last, we should enter a period so remarkable for its desire of fixed and certain as the present. In the eighteenth century every thing was overturned, because the world doubted of every thing; in the nineteenth no doubt exists because nothing is left to chance. It is by means of insurance that society is now re-organising itself. What is there that is not now insured! Nay, it has been lately whispered that Messrs. Rothschild think seriously of forming a company for insuring kings on their thrones, and for fixing ministers of state in possession of their *post feuilles*. In fact, insurance is the great instrument by which will be brought about that advanced state of humanity, so fruitlessly sought for by Fourrier, St. Simon, and——"

"But what is the meaning of this long preamble?" interrupted the master of the mansion, in a dry metallic voice. "You are aware I presume, that I require something positive—actual—palpable," laying a stress on each expression.

"My project unites all these qualities," said the stranger.

"Well, then let us have it without farther preliminaries," said the other.

"The fact is," said the projector, "that the matter is of so delicate a nature that I am obliged to prepare you for my proposal."

"I think I can guess that it relates to an insurance company. What is it you propose to insure, Monsieur?"

"Since I must speak positively, my plan is to insure marriageable girls, against the great evil of their existence—against being old maids."

"Hum-m-m," ruminated the man of wealth, again fixing round him his *robe de chambre*, which the slight irritation of the moment had displaced. "The idea is ingenious."

"You perceive that the natural desire, which must arise in every lady's bosom to avoid celibacy, will incline her to insure, and the profits must be enormous."

"Yes that is clear enough: but how will you manage the rate of insurance?"

"That must be graduated, according to the beauty, fortune, and talents of each. The chances of old maidhood cannot be the same for all, nor do I propose to insure all for the same age; one may be fixed at twenty, another at twenty-five, and a third even so late as thirty-five. But after the expiration of the time agreed on, if the lady remains without a husband, the indemnity must be paid, and this will constitute a fortune, which in many cases will obtain for her the partner she desires."

"But will the company reserve to itself the power of acting in any way it may deem advisable, to procure husbands for the insured before the term fixed on."

"Most assuredly: the company of course cannot renounce any means of bringing about its object, but must employ all which may seem advantageous: in fact, the indemnity will scarcely ever be required to be paid, and that is the reason why the speculation is so splendid."

"Yes, I see that there must arise some gains."

"Immense profits and not a single loss," interrupted the advocate of the new insurance company, seeing that his host was balancing toward the project. "If an insurance is effected against death, nothing can hinder persons from dying; if it is made against fire, how can you prevent houses from burning: if you insure against perils of water, how can shipwrecks be put a stop to? But insuring against remaining single; all you have to do is to marry off as quickly as possible your customers."

"I suppose that the company will take care to have always at its disposal a number of gentlemanly bachelors, of good character and education, physicians, surgeons, literary men, barristers, merchants, and scientific men, whom it may employ to gain the hearts of those who are to be married."

"That is an indispensable condition of success, and I intend taking on myself the care of that particular duty."

"Well then, I am your man. Let the matter rest between us two—no noise, no puffing—nothing but secrecy, activity and cleverness. Get the bond of partnership prepared, and get the act, constituting the society, duly passed through the proper forms. I am willing to advance eight hundred thousand francs, which will be amply sufficient for the capital. You on the other hand, will throw into the stock your zeal and activity, and the profits shall be divided. I act generously, as you may perceive."

The young man took his leave, exceedingly satisfied with his visit, and springing into his cabriolet, returned to Paris. In a few days he brought the necessary papers, and the matter was speedily arranged. After M. Lebrun had signed and returned them to the young speculator, he addressed him thus:

"Monsieur, you are now director of the new company, and I need scarcely say I wish you success. To prove to you, however, that I really have deeply at heart the success of our speculation, I intend commencing the business myself by insuring my daughter. She shall be first in the list of young ladies insured to obtain a husband. Fill up the blanks of the printed form."

"Age?" demanded the director.

"Seventeen."

"Name and sir name?"

"Euphemia Lebrun."

"Face?"

"Decidedly pretty."

"Talents?"

"Music, drawing, dancing, horticulture."

"Fortune?"

"All that I possess when I die, and eight hundred thousand francs on the day of her marriage."

"That will do, Monsieur."

"You may fix the rate yourself, and the age, in which the indemnity shall be paid," said the father proudly, as he thought of the charms of his only daughter.

"There is every reason to hope that Mademoiselle Euphemia will have no claims on us for indemnity," said the young partner, as he collected his papers and departed.

As he passed through the pleasure grounds which surrounded the villa, in order to reach his cabriolet, which he directed to wait for him at the gate of the park, he perceived a young and lovely girl in the [illegible]

midst of the flowers on which she was lavishing her cares. Unaware that any one was near, she was singing a little air which C. Damoureau had made fashionable, as she tied up the flowers or watered them where the heat had parched them up. The young director paused a moment to admire the slight but rounded figure, and the glowing color and beautiful hair of the young person. "This undoubtedly," thought he, "is the daughter of M. Lebrun. I have commenced most fortunately. No danger of so fair a creature being obliged to demand her indemnity." He cast another glance at the lady, and proceeded toward the gate.

A fortnight had scarcely passed when M. Lebrun returned to his house in the Chausee d' Autin. It was his daughter who teased him into quitting the country. He was astonished that his dear Euphemia should so suddenly abandon, in the midst of the summer season, her flowers which she loved so well. He naturally sought for some reason for such a change and more than once said to himself, "It is probable that she can by some chance or other have formed an attachment for some person at Paris!" At last he could no longer doubt that he had conjectured rightly; for her gaiety was fled, her music, drawing, flowers, were all neglected, and a tear sometimes betrayed her secret. But who could have inspired this passion? What opportunity was there for a gallant to press his suit? He was determined to discover the mystery. "My dear Euphemia," said he, "you have become wonderfully serious. On what can your thoughts be always occupied? What new sentiment has taken possession of your mind? Speak to me frankly; you know how dearly I love you; can you have seen some person who has captivated your affections? If it is a proper match, you cannot doubt that I shall be only too glad to unite you to him who will render you happy."

"Well then, father, I acknowledge I do love," said Euphemia, with that timidity and hesitation which a young girl cannot free herself from, even when confessing the state of her affections to her own father.

"And who is he?" said M. Lebrun.

"That is his secret as much as mine," replied the daughter with great tranquility. "I cannot speak of it without his consent; but I will ask him, when I see him, to declare his name."

This reserve only excited the curiosity of M. Lebrun. He pressed his daughter more and more to name her lover. At last she said, "Give me only three days, and I will then conceal nothing from you."

The next day the young director of the new insurance company to promote marriage, came to pay a visit to his partner. "Oh! my dear fellow," said M. Lebrun, when he saw him, "you will never guess—!"

"Guess what?"

"That my daughter is already inspired by the tender passion."

"Oh," said the director, "that must be the effect of the insurance."

"A wonderful effect it is, at all events. Why, a month has not elapsed since the insurance took place. By Jove! you are fortunate. If we have only another such piece of good fortune, the fame of the company will be in every person's mouth."

They were conversing in this manner when Euphemia entered the room. She blushed on seeing the stranger.

"My daughter," said M. Lebrun to the young man—"What do you think of her?"

"She is admirable! I can venture to predict she will not pass another year without—

"Father," said the young girl, regarding by turns the two speakers, "I promised to inform you of the person whom I love. This is he!"

"Good heavens! is it possible," cried the astonished capitalist.

"According to our regulations," said the director very gravely, "I was bound to seek every means not to allow the specified time to pass without—

"True, true. But Ephemia, how did you get acquainted with Monsieur?"

"I saw him in the country one day in going out. He used to come afterward every day. He helped me to cultivate my flowers. We walked out in the park and, at last I found his visits too short. I thought that by coming to Paris I should see him more frequently, and for a longer time."

"In showing my zeal for the interests of the society," continued the speculator, "I considered—"

"Come my young friend," said the surprised father, "you are a clever fellow. Stunned as I have been, I must acknowledge that the matter has something amusing in it."

"I protest to you, I considered that I faithfully performed my duty."

"No use in talking of it now. You already have the eight hundred thousand francs fortune."

"Quite correct," said the young man, taking Euphemia by the hand with an air of a martyr to his duty. "This is a glorious beginning. We shall have such custom from this affair. We must absolutely gain millions!"

THE SILK CULTURIST.

We copy the following lively speculations of the editor of the Silk Worm, who appears to be by no means "slow" in the cause. Each reader may judge of their worth for himself, and there will be various opinions no doubt. The subject is an engrossing one, and our readers will excuse the room occupied by it.

THE MULBERRY CROP.

It was a generally prevailing opinion, during the past season, that the Mulberry tree and the Silk fever would soon *blow* over. The supposition was, that the demand could not equal the increase and consequent supply of trees. The *knowing* ones, however, held on; they sustained the ridicule of the *wise* ones, and awaited patiently the result. They seemed to comprehend the nature of the excitement abroad in the land, and from what source it had its origin. The result was equal to the most sanguine expectations of the most enthusiastic. The Mulberry tree grew and multiplied; the price rose higher daily, in the market, and when the time came for the prediction of the croakers to be verified, the tree, instead of being had for the carrying away for nothing, had risen to more than twice the price it had been at the commencement of the season. The number of purchasers also increased; nor could *France*, *Cuba*, *Hot-houses*, or *Florida* supply one-fourth the demand.

The question is frequently and anxiously asked what is the probable prospect of fall sales, and will the tree maintain its price? In the face of a thousand predictions to the contrary, we assert they will; and our reasons for thinking so are these: The principal market for the Mulberry tree in the United States, during the past year, was in this city and its vicinity. More trees were sold here than in all the other cities in the Union beside. But, notwithstanding, this market is not as yet two-thirds—perhaps not one half supplied. The demand is great; the price is still rising; the inquiry after them is now beyond what it has been at any former period, and the sales are only checked by the want of trees upon which to make sales. But the spirit of Silk raising is not limited to Pennsylvania, neither to a few miles around Philadelphia. It spreads and increases daily, because it has become notorious that Silk raising requires only a small expenditure for a large profit, and that it ranks among the most agreeable as well as profitable employments in our country. This has opened the eyes and ears, if not the hearts and purses of the farmers, and the news runs over every section of our country like a fire on the prairies driven by a hurricane. Thousands are packing up in our cities, and retiring to the country on a few acres, to plant trees and feed worms. They turn farmers from the splendid inducements held out by the Silk culture, as a collateral branch of rural economy. Public feeling in this business carries with it more genuine patriotism than is usual. The *animus* that exists, is a desire to make individual independence on this business move along with that of the nation's interests.

An impetus has been given which is irresistible, and which no trifling obstacle can arrest. The people have, with the Morus Multicaulis, made another important discovery, which is, that it is quite unnecessary to possess more that five or ten acres to procure more than sufficient for the wants of a large family. Cheering intelligence pours in upon them. They find that by invoking the aid of the Multicaulis, a few acres will do more than scores and hundreds could accomplish under the former dispensation of agricultural pursuits. They also learn that instead of *years*, they now have to wait only *weeks* for the full and plenary return of a Silk harvest. They rejoice to learn, that instead of six to ten-fold returns, they now obtain from *five hundred* to *two thousand* fold! the Morus Multicaulis pouring the cornucopia of a vast treasury into the coffers of the cultivator.

It has been said that the immense quantities of this tree which are planted all around us will supply the nation, or, if it does not, that *France*, *Cuba* and *Florida*, will be sufficient after this orb is planted all over, to cover all the planets in the solar system! France has furnished her last tree. The prices in that country would alone prevent this tree from being imported, if the strong and unmixed current of public feeling against them did not so generally prevail. But, we are told, that French trees have borne good profits in market, and have made fine trees when cultivated. Who questions this? It was from France the tree was first imported into this country. But to dissipate a fallacy on this subject, it may be proper to say, that the tree is seldom imported on speculation as it is when ordered by our dendrologists. In the latter case, trees are imported in small quantities, and are carefully packed. In the former, they are boxed up by the ton, crowded in the hold of a vessel, and there they become heated, and otherwise

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

From the N. Y. Com. Adv. of Saturday.

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT—YESTERDAY.

any human power can bring you to a feeling sense of the awful and aggravated nature of your offence.

Any admonition or advice from the Court, to such a hardened offender, would not only be thrown away, and lost upon you, but would, most likely, be spurned with contempt.

I cannot, however, in the discharge of this painful duty, permit you to be launched into eternity, and to appear in judgment before your Maker, to whom you have an account to render for the crime you have committed—infinitely more awful and momentous in its consequences, than any judgment that can be pronounced upon you by any human tribunal—without entreating, and beseeching, you to pause and reflect seriously, upon the awful situation in which you stand; and to devote the few remaining days you have to live in this world, to endeavor to prepare for the awful event which awaits you.

And all that remains for the Court, is to pronounce upon you the solemn and final judgment of the law, which is: That you be remanded to the prison, from whence you came, and that you remain there confined until the 21st day of June next, and on that day, that you be taken, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon, and two o'clock in the afternoon, to the place of execution, and then HANGED by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord in his infinite mercy have compassion upon your soul.";

While receiving the sentence, the prisoner stood entirely unmoved, and presented the same dogged and sullen expression of countenance which has characterised him throughout the trial.

Hans Kneudsen, another of the piratical crew who were yesterday convicted of piracy and robbery, was also arraigned, and informed by Judge Thompson that in consequence of the jury having recommended him to mercy, the judgment of the Court would be suspended till the next term, in order to afford time for an application to be made to the President, who might perhaps interpose a pardon, and thus wrest him from the hands of the law.

The prisoners were then remanded.

Atkinson's Evening Post and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to S.C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Post masters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Jas. H. Nesmith, Esq. of Lewisburg, Va. is the agent for subscriptions due the Saturday Evening Post, and Casket for Greenbriar county, Va.

Mr. S. Simpson, 295 Hudson st. is our agent in New York city—subscribers are requested to favor him with the place of their present residence to enable him to wait upon them. 4t.

Our thanks are due to G. R. Smith, Esq. of the State Legislature, for valuable public documents.

We would call the attention of Silk growers and others to the advertisement of Mr. Opp, in another column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a pile of manuscripts before us, and we know of no other way to prevent the flood of trash from inundating us than to show off a few specimens, so "here she goes" "On the *true spirit* of Poetry."

Yon Glorious bright concave of heavenly blue,
Hung round with rich drapery of every hue,
In wonder I gaze,—yes forever could gaze,
All my soul swells with rapture; I'm lost in a maze.

"*The Burning Ship*" made quite a blaze!

We would advise the author of "Thoughts on Marriage" to turn his thoughts to something else. Here is a specimen of his rhyme,

"When I do lay me down to die
In other lands, far, far from home,
I would not wet a single eye,
I'd not extract a widows moan,
As I began, so I will end." etc.

The song entitled "*Homeward Bound*," we respectfully decline.

We have received an article on "*Education*," in which the following sweeping sentence appears,

"This period is to be looked to in females, for if not, in matters of education, *they may be considered beyond* REDEMPTION."

Of course we do not publish the article.

"*Lines*" by "J. S. C." and those by "Mrs. G." shall appear.

The article on "*Schoolboy Days*" is by no means equal to the former productions of the author. We must therefore decline publishing it.

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

We had the pleasure, on Monday last, after a ride of some six miles, of inspecting a large field of Morus Multicaulis, recently planted by a gentleman of this city. They have been under ground but about two weeks, and the shoots are already up some six inches. A patch of several acres, which had been planted but about nine days, were in progress of germination, the shoot having just began to show itself above ground. We never saw soil better qualified for raising trees than that of the field aforesaid, having a fine, open eastern exposure, with a loam just sufficiently sandy. We have no doubt, that many have planted trees, which owing to having been long in market, were entirely dead when planted, and that their bargains will be the reverse of speculations; but others again who have made judicious selections, and have properly attended to the selection of the soil, and the planting of the trees, will realise their most sanguine expectations. It is quite certain that those who lead in this matter took "the tide at an ebb," which flowed on to fortune, and we believe that a rich harvest is in store for others, who instead of turning back from the enterprise when the first flush of the fever of speculation had passed off—have pursued with assiduity the enterprise which runs parallel with the wants of the Nation. Unbelievers who scoffed at the infant enterprise, became surprised as they saw it passing on with rapid, and giant-like strides, and those who wished to be thought wise, predicted that its race would soon be run, and that like the land mania, the fevered pulse would become cool. The same men now vent their repinings, in half suppressed wishes that they had been wise earlier in the day.—Thus it is, with all the great enterprises of the age, a few daring spirits strike out for themselves a fortune, or a name, and the herd who look sulkily on, regret when the field is won, that heaven had not made them ambitious.

THE BAPTIST ADVOCATE.

We have received the first number of a paper with the above title, published in New York, and edited by William H. Wyckoff, A. M. It appears in very handsome type, on clear white paper, extra size,—and if we may judge from the specimen number, it will be edited with much ability. Mr. Clark, No. 178 north Third street, is the Agent for this city.

HOUSE OF REFUGE DESTROYED.

A destructive fire broke out in the House of Refuge, New York, on Wednesday morning, in the centre building, and was not extinguished till that and the wing nearest the Bloomingdale road were totally destroyed, the walls only having been left standing.

There were about two hundred boys confined in the buildings, two or three of whom, it is supposed, escaped during the confusion.

The greater part of the remainder, worked manfully to stay the progress of the fire, and it was mainly owing to their exertions that the property in the building was saved.

There is no other way to account for the origin of the fire, than to suppose that it was designedly communicated by some of the boys.

THE PHILADELPHIA BUTCHERS.

THE BOSTON BRASS BAND.

THE WEST CHESTER SEMINARY.

QUITE COOL.

THE TIMES.

THE NATIONAL SILK WORM.

PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL.

AS WE EXPECTED.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE CONSTITUTION.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

SEIZURE OF AMERICAN VESSELS.

BACKING OUT WERRY UNPLEASANT.

A BRAVE AND GENEROUS ACT.

BANK NOTES IN NEW YORK.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE GENERALS IN THE PRESENT SPANISH WAR.

PROJECTED TOWN AND SETTLEMENT.

LIGHT HOUSES.

THE NEW ORLEANS DEFALCATION.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

FOREIGN.

HOLLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

FROM MEXICO.

...RADA. WHOLESALE PRICES-CURRENT.

Corrected for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

MAY 12, 1849

...ncy per pound	Mol. MASSES per gallon	
...ar "	Boy & Muscov "	30 a 35
...ar "	Porto Rico "	38 a 40
...MAX per pound	Trinidad do.	36 a 37
...ar "	Barbadoes "	35 a 36
...ar "	Sugar House "	30 a 32
...ar "	Cuba Clayed "	32 a 34
...LAD per pound	Muscovado "	30 a 32
...ar "	Cut	34 a 36
...ar "	NAVAL STORES, per bbl	
...ar "	Rosin	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Pitch	2.75 a 3.00
...ar "	Tar	2.50 a 2.75
...ar "	Turpentine, Wet	3.00 a 3.25
...ar "	Do. Dry	3.25 a 3.50
...ar "	Spts. Turpentine	36 a 38
...ar "	Tar, per gal.	30 a 32
...ar "	Pitch, per gal.	30 a 32
...ar "	Rosin, per gal.	30 a 32
...ar "	PAINTS per pound	
...ar "	Red Lead	7 a 8
...ar "	Am. white do.	10 a 11
...ar "	Spanish brown	3 a 4
...ar "	Ch. Yel. do.	3 a 4
...ar "	Yellow Ochre	2 a 3
...ar "	Lampblack	8 a 10
...ar "	Paris White	1½ a 2
...ar "	Venetian Red	2 a 3
...ar "	Rose Pink	12 a 14
...ar "	FRENCH CHINA do.	
...ar "	Prime	12 a 14
...ar "	Common	8 a 10
...ar "	Pork meats	21.00 a 22.00
...ar "	Mess Beef	16.00 a 17.00
...ar "	Cargo, do.	13.00 a 14.00
...ar "	Prime do.	11.00 a 12.00
...ar "	Mess, do.	14 a 16
...ar "	Cargo, do.	12 a 13
...ar "	Prime, do.	10 a 11
...ar "	Beef, per lb.	4 a 5
...ar "	Lard, do.	7 a 8
...ar "	Butter, do.	10 a 12
...ar "	Cheese, do.	6 a 7
...ar "	Hams, do.	8 a 9
...ar "	Shoulders, do.	5 a 6
...ar "	Pork, do.	5 a 6
...ar "	Pickled, do.	4 a 5
...ar "	Tallow, do.	7 a 8
...ar "	FEATHERS per lb.	
...ar "	Live Geese	45 a 50
...ar "	Live Ducks	40 a 45
...ar "	Dressed Geese	40 a 45
...ar "	Dressed Ducks	35 a 40
...ar "	Feathers	30 a 35
...ar "	Cotton, per lb.	7 a 8
...ar "	Corn, per bush.	60 a 62
...ar "	Oats, do.	30 a 32
...ar "	Barley, do.	50 a 55
...ar "	Rye, do.	70 a 75
...ar "	Peas, do.	70 a 75
...ar "	Beans, do.	1.00 a 1.25
...ar "	Potatoes, do.	30 a 35
...ar "	Onions, do.	50 a 60
...ar "	Apples, do.	1.00 a 1.25
...ar "	Apples, dried, do.	1.50 a 2.00
...ar "	Peaches, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Peaches, dried, do.	2.50 a 3.00
...ar "	Cranberries, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Whortleberries, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Blackberries, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Raspberries, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Strawberries, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Currants, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Gooseberries, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Plums, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Cherries, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Grapes, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Figs, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Dates, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Oranges, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Lemons, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Limes, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Pineapples, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Bananas, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Cocoanuts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Almonds, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Walnuts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Chestnuts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Filberts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Pecans, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Hickory nuts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Butternuts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Chestnuts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Filberts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Pecans, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Hickory nuts, do.	2.00 a 2.50
...ar "	Butternuts, do.	2.00 a 2.50

TOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA:

Whom it may Concern.—The following, from the first will and testament and codicil of William Lindsay, Esq., deceased, and for the information of whom it may may have said will and codicil, was proved, said will and recorded in the Register's Office, in this city, on Saturday last:

MICHAEL PRAT, Register.

—To the Pennsylvania Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery, and the Relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in bondage, incorporated by an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to be applied exclusively in the defence of negroes unlawfully held in bondage, five hundred dollars.

—To Thomas Nassau Esq. for professional services, five hundred dollars.

—To [illegible] dollars.

—To [illegible] dollars.

—To [illegible]

THE ODD'S.

Variety's the Spice of Life.
What gives to all the Flavour.

THE LAST DUCK.

Air—The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last duck in season
All blooming alone;
All her stormy companions
Are roasted and gone!
No drake of the morden,
Or wild duck, shall I
Can reflect back her blushes,
Or give quack for quack!

I'll not keep time, then, nor beat one,
To hang by thy feet,
Till thou art cast roasting—
Go—go—while there's meat.
Then kindly I send thee
To one who knows well,
Both to carve, thee and eat thee,
As thy mates can tell.

Soon, soon be thou roasted,
Ere yet thou decay,
And from thy tender body
The wings drop away!
If some ducks soon wanting,
And wild ducks were flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

HOGARTH A GERMAN.—The celebrated Hogarth seems to have embraced every opportunity of exhibiting his talents of wit. Having to attend a party to dine with him at the MITRE TAVERN, he engraved a card, on which was represented, within a circle, with a mitre at the top, and the supporters, dexter and sinister, a knife and fork; and underneath in Greek characters was the motto, "Eos bene si."

A cold-hearted usurer, intending to get a mortgaged, consulted an acquaintance of what degree of severity would advise him to go, and received for answer, "Go there and see, for none in your line, and I would undertake that none of your friends will know you."

REGULATOR COACH.—A traveller in one so named, and which was not particularly fast or slow in comparison, inquired of a gentleman, next to him, the name of the coach they were in. "The Regulator, sir, and if ever you see it as very properly named, for all the others go by it."

TEA IS RUSSIA.—The Russians are the most enormous tea drinkers out of China; and, with such excellent tea as they have, the reason is quite obvious. Tea in Russia and sea in England are as different as peasant water and steam. With tea, as a daily, draught-drink, in Russia it is a fresh, invigorating draught. They account for the difference by saying, that, as the water is superior too, we get only the leaves, but none of the aroma of the plant, which we let Canton; while they, on the other hand, receiving all that tea overflows in just as good a state as when it left the oriental empire. So far come what it may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that tea in Russia is assuredly superior to any ever found in any other parts of Europe. Englishmen are taken by surprise on this point, it even those who never cared for tea before, drink on during their whole stay in Russia.—*Brewster's Excursions in Russia.*

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.—A person asking how it happened that some beautiful ladies were married to different husbands after many fine offers, was then aptly answered by a mercantile gentleman. A young friend of her's requested her to go into a china shop, and get him the handsomest tea-pot on the board. She soon gave him one, without turning. "Now, sir, I am coming next through the shop, and you must tell me," he asked her was that the handsomest she had seen. "No, sir," replied she, "nor was my fourth or fifth time using, but I kept on in hopes of one much better, and I got exactly through the shop, and I was obliged to take up with any one I could find—and got a cracked one at last."

LUDICROUS INCIDENT OF A CHURCH.—On Sabbath evening week, a clergyman from the South, who is remarkable for the strength and unceremoniousness of his manners, was officiating for a minister in Bond street, when, after announcing the number and verse of the first psalm, he discovered that he considered pre-eminently worthy without the aid of his spectacles, and stretching himself over the pulpit to the nearest lamp in front, which was sitting in the bottom room below, he exclaimed, in a sufficiently audible voice "I can't see—will you see my glasses?" The person thus addressed, without scarcely a word, sprang to the pulpit stair, and removed the "glasses" from the worthy orator's wig, in which they had been unconsciously carried, and placed them upon his venerable nose.—*Edinburgh paper.*

A REMEDY SUGGESTED.

He cannot "glose" our laws, not he;
Nor "croak the hopes of the base,"
In courtly language paring:
Yet with his eye upon the Seal,—
Did ever hombre lose detect?
So true a "*Lord in waiting!*"

Send-ai well solano—and can case
His moral cougue—he has rubbed it soon.

PARENTAL COINCIDENCE.—As one among other singular coincidences, there is at the present time a twin-second Duke and Earl "Lovely" keeping the "Admiral Inn" tavern in Norwich.

LOUIS XIV.—The Grand Monarch once said to one of his courtiers, who had been a long time absent on service, "Do you know Spanish?" "No sire!"—"I am very sorry for it." "I will learn it," replied the courtier, whose imagination was fired with the thought of the possibility that he might be appointed ambassador to the Spanish court. He accordingly applied himself to it so much, so assiduously and so well, in a short time began pronounced himself to the king "Now," said he, "I know Spanish well, and can read and read it with ease." "Indeed," answered Louis, "I am very glad of that; you now can read Don Quixote in the original."

A NEGATIVE COMPLIMENT.—Out of those individuals who seem to be peculiar every house, possessed of a fool, familiarly known as "idiots," "booties," &c. &c., but more appropriately as "lookers," stepped into a store on Market street, the other day, and proceeding to a clerk very busily engaged at the desk, accosted him with a string of interrogatives something after the following style:—

"Young man, is Mr. Rondymoney within?"

"No."

"Do you know how long it will be before he returns?"

"No."

"Do you know where he's gone?"

"No."

"You know where he lives at, I suppose, don't you?"

"No."

For the information of the reader, be it observed, that each question had, of course progressively increased with an increase of elevation of voice and the effect of the finished note; the former imagined that desired, as the intruder demanded with some degree of indignation—

"I think she may answer a gentleman."

"No."

A clap of thunder was a fool to it, and the loiter was extinguished.—*Baltimore Transcript.*

"The world is round, and like a ball seems swinging in the air."

"I remember well," said Tom, "that conversation —my—when I came from school, asked me among many questions, if the earth was round?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "the world is round and like a ball seems swinging in the air."

"I don't believe it," said Sawyer don't say so because tells about the four winds from the four corners of the earth, that's good enough that the world's flat enough. And the sixth sea and one, or our world's flat. I believe that the sea rolls in little in the ground, and runs up through a hole on some one knows where, and it goes round and round, and it's most square and flat round."

"You mean round the earth," I repeated.

"Pshaw," said my uncle, impatiently.

"Then," said Tom, "I think a big pumpkin to the sea-ge, and shall it over with cutlasses and when you see the first land it stained it, imagine that was the world, and the flats on whatever."

"That's the way it works, sir!" Well, Tom, is it a fact that the Chinese walk with their feet present our feet, and their heads down?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is a fact that the Devils' fire works at night under the earth?"

"Yes."

"Well I wonder if the Chinese next bothered a good deal with the devils?"—*Ch. Neve.*

A YANKEE.—"You may always know a Yankee by his watching up a shoal, if he can possibly get near enough to one to do it. It makes no matter what doubt or, if he is not sure, very near to pass, to and out, or the devil need and talk—and, most like, before to you can answer two or three questions, he will have you get together in a shoal they'll conceive to stand —*here shallow*—*there* elbows a-sailing—*there* a sister-*deffence*, so that one can't get through you without getting off his bottom, and sailing out.

I have seen him do it a thousand times, at court of sessions, county dinners, and all other times, and and dozen hombre. If I should be cast away at sea and afterward drift upon an unknown coast, with a house or two in sight, I should be afraid to hit on certain whether I was in New England or not, for the mere fact that the men did, or did not, block up the doors."—*Boston Post.*

HOLDING HIS TONGUE.—The late Dr. Abernethy would never permit his patient to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady, but by the following artifice:—"Put out your tongue, Madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there till I have done talking."

The sentiments and inclinations of a well educated person may, in some measure, be compared to a tree whose branches have been pruned and trained by an expert gardener, and which retains in its growth and appearance, ever after, an air of symmetry and proportion.

BOTH OUT OF AN ORDINARY.

An Irishman is a man with two ideas, no better than other men; no, it is right one and a wrong one; and he is always sure to hit upon the wrong one first, according to the ground. Then it is an element for comical blunders, and for the drollest of all blunders is an eminently interesting character with borne to them.—Verily the superannuated mother of Apollo would be sorely tasked to muster up all the balls which come to her sons. Theirs is a very fertile land indeed, judging by the Pope sacked balls thereon, and in them, and it is more fortunate than it is known to be, that as religion be continent to, at least, spoke for her own continent now; and, above all, Ireland, by virtue of which he understands eating flesh on Friday. In his person he is commonly a gentleman, his main exercising being a crammer; or, to be described here, a man who eats on bills, and pays them with his mouth. In the Emerald Isle to be the highest ruby in the English crown; and consequently, the Irish are the best at anyone in rewarding the merits. He has a scheme for reducing the population to a fifth; and another for increasing the education of the poor by means of Sunday schools, which is to be the ruin of them. A precious idea, for he grows still he hath, though it be a pitch. "It is no more," he adds, "than to be as wise as the Bowers in Map, if it was so twice to-day." To exercise, he will walk in a house, so long as he hath a stick to do it within; for he is not so much a member of a club as a member of him; to wit, the shillelagh, which as it cannot write written hand, makes a mere as well. To see him in his glory, on the false Autumn of all mankind, you must behold him at the bar of Donnybrook, where the humble lord of the turn fight, like a fountain rose as an odd equestrian statue, when he says coolly, "Come, gov't sweeter?" Next to Donnybrook, his delight is a duel, or pistol duel, which he reckons to be the best of the three second; but he takes it sooner if there is not a bit of room for a shillelagh, rather than fail of a single large, he would, call out a dear man in a ball in his own cage, his friend, and his friend's friend in view. I had heard and read much, and imagined the force of what was said, but I was not prepared for what I saw, which is the multiplication of a dot, and the obtuse-looked, the far-travelled story of what I had the pleasure, however, of hearing from Mr. Gosling, modulation as the rock on which I stood, delivered with the most consummate gravity and coming and with enormous of sublimity till now sealed, and all the while, the imperturbable countenance, or rather with some many of the sin at once. "Good morning, Mr. Gosling," I said, on my rising to motion to mount; but it is better, he said, to be walking with the day. Why moon, as the beautiful groves of Barbary, then to be in the land of Egypt, surrounded by the pyramids and red palaced as a globe, and it reaches the Mediterranean Sea, and the sea is as blue as the heavens, bounding, with unabating row and rush, into the Bay of Biscay, which is a very fine sea to look upon by appalling that language intense, words are no longer adequate to the expression of ideas, and we are left by mute as it were double. To conclude, he rode to Israel, with scarcely any clothes on, in a waggon, or to eyes